

# Good Morning

522

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)



## No. 21 Greets L.S. Ted Rodgerson

ON our second visit to your home, L.S. Edward T. Rodgerson, at 21 Claribel Road, Brixton, S.W.9, we found your wife and baby Ken just returned from Harpenden.

The boy was in his pram outside the house, and as soon as he saw our photographer he crowded his head off to come inside and say his piece at the interview. Nell was doing the washing when we butted in.

Your wife says she took baby round to see your Mother, and found her in the best of health. Derrick was in his glory pushing Ken up and down in his pram.

Ann came round feeling a little worried about Bert, as she has not heard from him for over a fortnight, but reflected that he would no doubt turn up like a dog with two tails, bringing back a nice fat German turkey for Christmas.

Eileen and John were expected home shortly. "You can bet we shall be comparing babies," said Mrs. Rodgerson. "Their baby is now

### ALEX CRACK

He had got the "sack" and was protesting about it. "What am I sacked for?" he said. "I haven't done anything."

"That's what it's for," said the manager.

Raspberries are our favourite fruit.  
So write and tell us what you really think about "GOOD MORNING"

LETTERS TO:—  
"Good Morning,"  
c/o Press Division, Admiralty,  
London, S.W.1.

# INCREASE IN BETTING A PASSING PHASE

W. H. MILLIER replies to  
Anti-Gambling League

THE huge increase in betting in all its varied forms during the last two years of the present war is giving serious-minded people food for thought. I am told that members of the Anti-gambling League are girding their loins and preparing to make fresh onslaughts on the sports and pastimes that encourage betting.

I hold no brief for their side. If a person wants to bet, I do not see any reason why he should not be permitted to do so, provided he is betting with his own money. True, to some unbalanced persons, gambling can be an incurable disease, but that does not justify any drastic steps towards penalising the rest of the community by depriving them of the certain amount of enjoyment that they gain by having a mild flutter every now and again.

My view, for what it is worth, is that no harm can accrue from a man betting with what small amount of money remains his own for pleasure purposes after all his commitments have been met. Surely some choice should be left to individual tastes. There is quite enough regimentation and restriction on individual freedom as it is, without giving the slightest encouragement to interfering bodies, whose sole aim is to bind us down with prohibitions.

The mere mention of the word prohibition should be sufficient to put us on our guard. What a lesson for the world lies in that ghastly experiment of the United States of America! The attempt to enforce a nation to become "dry" by law resulted in the "wettest" failure the world has known. If it had not been made illegal to buy alcoholic drink, many thousands, nay, hundreds of thousands, of youngsters of both sexes period could tell us what they would never have bothered to think of us it might make

find out what it felt like to our ears tingle. The price of have what they thought was a full-strength beer in those days—real beer—was one shilling a barrel.

As it turned out, prohibition merely brought about a deluge of drunkenness that not all the advertising of brewery and distillery concerns could ever have achieved, even if they spent all their combined revenue on publicity. Moreover, instead of any of the money being diverted to the State by way of tax, the money went towards making huge fortunes for the bootleggers and gangsters who pedalled poison in place of honest liquor; and when the so-called booze barons died they were buried in bronze and gold coffins. What a testimonial to the Prohibitionists!

We ought to be very thankful that America tried it out first. It might have been inflicted on us. As it turned out, our legislators have profited by America's experiment, with the result that many millions of pounds in annual revenue find their way into the national coffers.

Without prohibition we have become a nation of water-drinkers and pay very handsomely for the privilege. Of course, we don't give it its correct name. We still call for so many glasses of beer and hand over our hard-earned cash for what is actually twelve-thirteenths water. To add to the subtlety of the whole scheme this highly expensive internal washing solution is not made too plentiful, which serves to make the demand all the greater.

If only the ghosts of the citizens of Henry the Eighth's

yond the safety point is obvious. This man was already under medical treatment for high blood-pressure and, if he valued his life, should in that state have kept clear of racecourses, and in any event, ought to have abstained from gambling for high stakes.

At the Newmarket October meeting this man won £7,500 in bets, but did not collect the cash. After his death was announced the bookmakers did not pay his widow, a point which surprised a large number of people. The bookmakers were merely following the usual custom. They argue that if he had died owing them the £7,500 they would not have been paid, for the simple reason that betting debts are not recoverable from the executors.

It is a point to be noted that at sporting meetings when people have died of excitement it has generally been of the pleasurable over-dose of thrills. I have not kept any statistics in this connection, but I can recall many instances of people dying this way, and I have yet to hear of a man dropping dead because he has lost a large sum in bets, or because his side has been defeated in an exciting tussle. Of course, there have been suicides directly attributable to betting losses, but that is another matter.

The war-time increase in the sums of money staked in bets is just a passing phase and is merely confined to that small portion of the community which is picking up easy money. Much of the same sort of thing went on towards the end of the last war, and in the few years following the period of false prosperity. That it will not last is as certain as the fact that night follows day.

As the avenues down which the easy money pours begin to close so will the volume of betting diminish until it reaches normal proportions.

Betting is a luxury, and directly slump periods begin, the bookmakers feel the draught. For the past five years the accumulation of worries has caused a number of people to turn to the excitement of betting, an antidote that is readily to hand. If they win, that puts them on top of the world for a time, and worries are forgotten.

If they lose which, of course, so frequently happens, well, they might lose their lives to-night, to-morrow or the next night by something hurtling through the skies, so what is the use of bothering about what they might have done with the money instead of handing it over to a bookmaker.

That attitude is only to be expected in the present unsettled state of life. It is supported by the ever tightening restrictions on individual liberty. The irony of it is not lost on anyone with a modicum of common sense.

There are many thousands of people who in the ordinary course of events had to go without a number of desirable things which only money could buy. They could not get hold of the money when the desirable things could be so easily obtained. Now the money is available, but the goods are not permitted to be sold. The goods that are to be bought at a price have gone up to three and four times their pre-war value.

Small wonder that money passes hands somewhat recklessly in betting. It is all that can be expected in the circumstances.

There is one thing that the Anti-gambling Leaguers cannot say of wartime betting, which is that it is responsible for suicides on the part of people who have lost their money. It is probably true to say that never at any time has money been lost so cheerfully, or, at least, with less worry.

On the contrary, we recently had an example of a man dying from the excitement of a big win. No doubt this fact has been duly noted by the Anti-gambling League. That the man would have died in similar circumstances if the excitement had been provided by any other attraction that raised his blood pressure be-

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greyhound owner whom I know very well, a man who was well endowed with worldly goods, died with the excitement of seeing one of his greyhounds win a short-head victory in an important race. He died in the merest fraction of a second after his greyhound flashed across the winning line. The general opinion among the people present was that it was the most pleasurable way to die. Perhaps they were not far wrong.

Thanks for  
Mystic Gift,  
Sig. Clarence Hinde

IT was a nice blue handbag and a fawn leather cigarette case you sent to your home at 12 Cranworth Road, Burngreave, Sheffield, Sig. Clarence Hinde.

Your stepmother thinks they are grand, and you'll be glad to know that they have arrived safely.

Judging by the hieroglyphics on them, they won't have been bought this side of the Channel, but that's what makes your step-ma so proud of them. To her, there's something of the mystic East about them, and she's showing them to all her friends.

But all the same—you know what women are for anniversaries—she hopes you haven't forgotten her birthday—October 9—but when no message arrived from you she knew it wouldn't be your fault. She looks forward to hearing from you soon.

Clarence is a good letter-writer and always makes them interesting, and there's always a rush when we see a letter pushed through the box," she told a "Good Morning" reporter.

Father's injury through a bad fall has now healed. Among the many messages for Clarence is one from Mick, the waiter at the Club, who is longing to "have one" with his pal once again.

Clarence's brother, Lionel, 24-year-old prisoner of war, writes that he is keeping very fit, and all send their love. "Come home soon again and let's have a merry time," was step-ma's parting wish.



## "ASH GROVE" for A.B. Ken Abbs

TAKE a look at this picture of your wife, Hazel, A.B. Kenneth Roy Abbs, and tell us what she is playing.

Yes, you're right. It's "The Ash Grove," which, according to you, is her one and only tune. Well, what if it is? Can you beat it? "Down yonder green valley, where streamlets meander," and something about "Twas there that my true love . . ."

On your birthday, October 17th, Hazel sent you a photograph of herself which she hopes you received and liked. She has also sent you a parcel for Christmas and hopes you Tarzan is getting on, and they will get it all right. But are all waiting to hear that there's no cake inside. Against great big war-cry again. Admiralty orders, you know!

You also know that great events are expected at 44 Storey Square, Barrow-in-Furness, which is giving Ma a good excuse for more of her renowned "spring" cleaning.

Joyce wants to thank you for the help you gave her with the drawing competition. She won a prize—third in all Barrow. Not so bad for a 4ft. schoolgirl and a 6ft. sailor, was it?

John Townson, Hazel's brother, misses you greatly—especially at getting-up time. He's lost some quarters since Judd is keen to know how Tarzan is getting on, and they will get it all right. But are all waiting to hear that there's no cake inside. Against great big war-cry again. Over at Lancaster, young

Bobbie calls every sailor "Uncle Ken," and that reminds us that Hazel is looking forward to another trip over there with you to see Freda and all.

And all we have left to tell you now is that Dad is going to London to do some buzz-bomb damage repairs.

Hazel hopes you and she will be together again on February 17, a day which has happy memories for you both, a day that will be an important milestone in your lives in 1945, because it will be your first wedding anniversary.

As a postscript, Hazel doesn't mind how soon she inflicts "The Ash Grove" on you again.

# The Castaway is rescued by force

THE cap'n started as if he'd been shot, and ran up the rigging with his glasses. He came down again almost directly, and his face was all in a glow with pleasure and excitement.

"Mr. Salmon," ses he, "here's a small boat with a lug sail in the middle o' the Atlantic, with one pore man lying in the bottom of her. What do you think o' my warning now?"

"The mate didn't say anything at first, but he took the glasses and had a look, an' when he came back anyone could see his opinion of the skipper had gone up miles and miles."

"It's a wonderful thing, sir," ses he, "and one I'll remember all my life. It's evident that you've been picked out as a instrument to do this good work."

"I'd never heard the fust mate talk like that afore, 'cept once when he fell overboard, when he was full, and stuck in the Thames mud. He said it was Providence;

though, as it was low water, according to the tide-table, I couldn't see what Providence had to do with it myself. He was as excited as anybody, and took the wheel himself, and put the ship's head for the boat, and as she came closer, our boat was slung out, and me and the second mate and three other men dropped into her, an' pulled so as to meet the other.

"Never mind the boat; we don't want to be bothered with her," shouts out the cap'n as we pulled away. "Save the man!"

"I'll say this for Mr. McMillan, he steered that boat beautifully, and we ran alongside o' the other as clever as possible. Two of us shipped our

oars, and gripped her tight, and then we saw that she was just an ordinary boat, partly decked in, with the head and shoulders of a man showing in the opening, fast asleep, and snoring like thunder.

"Puir chap," ses Mr. McMillan, standing up. "Look how wasted he is."

"He laid hold o' the man by the neck of his coat an' his belt, an', being a very powerful man, dragged him up and swung him into our boat, which was bobbing up and down, and grating against the side of the other. We let go then, an' the man we'd rescued opened his eyes as Mr. McMillan tumbled over one of the thwarts with him, and, letting off a roar like a bull, tried to jump back into his boat.

"Hold him!" shouted the second mate. "Hold him tight! He's mad, puir feller."

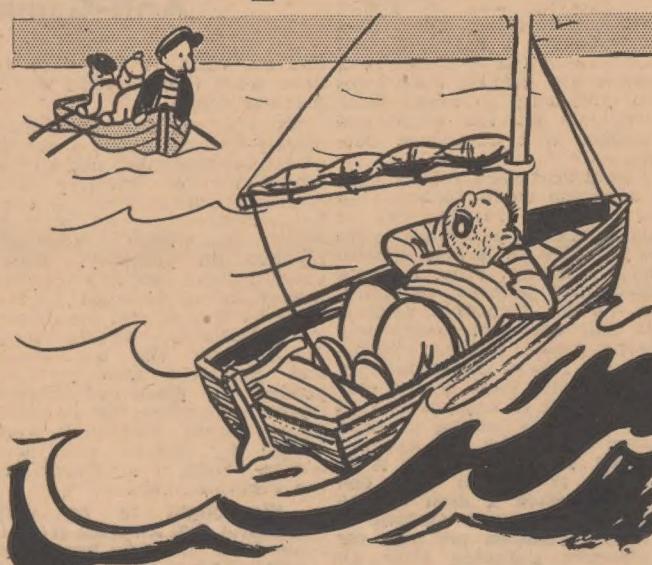
"By the way that man fought and yelled, we thought the mate was right, too. He was a short, stiff chap, hard as iron, and he bowled along two or three hundred yards away; his temper got the stranger with a big, kind smile

was worth, until at last we better of him, and he swore that if which nearly sent him crazy.

"It's all right, my puir feller," ses the second mate; "ye're in good hands—ye're saved."

"Damme!" ses the man; "what's your little game? Where's my boat—eh? Where's it!"

"By this time we had got to



## Concluding IN MID ATLANTIC By W. W. JACOBS

roars the other. "Damme! and pretended to think the ship that's English, ain't it?"

"Surely, ses the cap'n, surely shipwrecked people, an' he also you didn't wish to be left to pretend to think we was casta- perish in that little craft. I had a ways what had been saved by it.

supernatural warning to steer this He said o' course anybody could

course on purpose to pick you up, see at a glance we wasn't sailormen,

and this is your gratitide."

"Look here!" ses the other, a butcher what had been carried

"My name's Cap'n Naskett, and out to sea while paddling at I'm doing a record trip from New Margate to strengthen his ankles. York to Liverpool in the smallest He said a lot more of this sort of boat that has ever crossed the thing, and all this time we was Atlantic, an' you go an' bust chasing his miserable little boat, everything with your cussed of—an' he was admiring the way she ficiousness. If you think I'm sailed, while the fust mate was going to be kidnapped just to answering his reflexshuns, an' made a mistake. I'll have the law was more pleased than Mr. Sal-

on you, that's what I'll do. Kid-mon when we caught it at last, napping's a punishable offence."

"What did you come here for, then?" ses the cap'n.

"Come! howls Cap'n Nas-

kett. "Come! A teller sneaks and advised him to shut his eyes up alongside o' me with a boat—an' turn round three times and load of street-sweepings dressed catch what he could.

"I never saw the skipper so I'm asleep, and you ask me upset afore, but I heard him tell what I come for. Look here. Mr. McMillan that night that if You clap on all sail and catch he ever went out of his way that boat o' mine, and put me again after a craft, it would only back, and I'll call it quits. If be to run it down.

"Most people keep pretty quiet about supernatural things that happen to them, but he was about the quietest I ever heard of, an', what's more, he made everyone else keep quiet about it, too. Even when he had to steer nor-nor-west arter

that in the way o' business he didn't like it, an' he was about the most cruelly disappointed man you ever saw when he heard afterwards that Cap'n Naskett got safe to Liverpool."

By courtesy of the Society of Authors and of the Executors of the late W. W. Jacobs.

## I get around RON RICHARDS'

### COLUMN

IN the heart of the fertile Isle of Anglesey, just across the Menai Strait from Bangor, Caernarvonshire, Ministry of Agriculture land reclamation engineers are engaged in a battle against tides, gales and rains.

They are struggling to drain the Malltraeth Marsh, 4,000 acres of lowland, which for centuries has been the basin into which surrounding uplands have poured their countless rivulets.

It stretches from near Llangefni, in the middle of the island, to the west coast. Once the tides flowed over it, and it was a salty waste. Then, after Thomas Telford built the Menai Bridge in 1826, linking the island with the mainland, he designed embankments to hold the sea back, and big tracts of the marsh became workable.

Mr. Hudson, Minister of Agriculture, visiting Anglesey in 1940, saw the marsh.

LOCAL authorities told him it was an eyesore, and asked if anything could be done to improve it. He sent a deputation from London to inspect it.

For nearly three and a half years work has been going on. The marsh, seared now by a criss-cross of water-filled ditches and patterned by ridges of upturned earth, has swallowed thousands of pounds. Nobody in Anglesey knows how many. Nobody, that is, except two or three Ministry and War Agricultural Committee officials, and they will not tell.

Italian war prisoners are helping with the scheme. About 100 of them work alongside nearly as many civilian labourers, digging, banking, channelling. There are seven or eight mechanical excavators on the job.

SIR JAMES PECK, Ministry of Food chief in Scotland, said recently that the quantity of whisky to be distilled in Scotland this winter, when production restarts after a gap of five years, will be approximately 25 per cent, of an average pre-war output—roughly 5,000,000 gallons.

Most of this new whisky will be earmarked for export purposes, but, said Sir James, "the home market will get a share."

### BEELZEBUB JONES



### BELINDA



### POPEYE



## INTELLIGENCE TEST—No. 45

1. When Edwin said "Fish," Mabel said "Carpenter." What word linked these two ideas in Mabel's mind?

2. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—Divide. Share. Deduct. Add. Subtract. Multiply. Sum.

3. Brush is to ink what pen is to: pencil, paper, paint, turpentine, water, oil.

(Answers in No. 523.)

### Answers to Test No. 44.

1. Shoes. ("Shoes, and ships, and sealing-wax").

2. W is not in alphabetical order; others are.

3. (a) Yes. (b) No. (c) Yes, (d) No.

4. Six people. (Grandfather, his son and daughter, and his son's wife and twin daughters.)

## JANE

"... ses 'Where did HE come from?'"



## RUGGLES



## GARTH



## JUST JAKE



C. 290.

## WANGLING WORDS—461

1. Insert consonants in \*E\*E\*\*O\*OU\*\* and E\*E\*E\* and get two English cities.

2. Here are two games whose syllables, and the letters in them, have been shuffled. What are they?

LABLET — CIRCKOFOT.

3. In the following three Saxon kings the same number stands for the same letter throughout. Who are they? 57F324, H53074, 24G53.

4. Find the two meat dishes hidden in: I told Harris so, lest he should put the rum in cellars which are damp.

### Answers to Wangling Words—No. 460

1. ULTRAMARINE, MAROON.

2. LONDON—CHESTER.

3. Sheldrake, Dabchick, Turkey, Duck.

## CROSSWORD CORNER

### CLUES ACROSS.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10		11			12			
13			14					
15				16				
21	22	23			24	25		
26	27	28			29			
30	31		32	33				
34			35					
36			37					
38					39			

- 1 Performance.
- 4 Grope about.
- 10 Puts.
- 12 Nation.
- 13 Indian coin.
- 14 Spring over.
- 15 In the same place.
- 16 Gully.
- 17 Circle spokes.
- 19 Concealed.
- 21 Dealing with.
- 23 Extend.
- 25 Concerning.
- 26 Paything.
- 28 Fresh-water fish.
- 30 Hindrance.
- 32 Fuss.
- 34 Instructor.
- 35 Serf.
- 36 Boy's name.
- 37 She's French.
- 38 Possibly.
- 39 Colour.

A PLACARD  
PLAIN LEAVE  
POSE PENCIL  
ENSURE DENY  
AGE LAPSE E  
R DUG ART S  
H NEAT RUIN  
SAGA REFINE  
ARABIC LACE  
SPLIT GALOP  
H LESSONS S

### CLUES DOWN.

1 Fruit. 2 Thick stick. 3 American mammal. 4 Remuneration. 5 Pronoun. 6 Husks. 7 Guffaw. 8 Finger of cake. 9 Formal. 11 Tree. 14 Put into words. 16 Record book. 18 Preclude. 20 Very loving. 22 Ganglion. 24 Dislike. 27 Boy's name. 29 Tooth. 31 Scottish lake. 33 Round roof. 34 Light blows. 35 Owns. 37 Legislator.

## QUIZ for today

5. How many elementary gases are normal constituents of the earth's atmosphere? Name them.

6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Cardiff, Swansea, Monmouth, Tenby, Carnarvon, Fishguard.

### Answers to Quiz in No. 521

- Decorate with a border.
- Honeysuckle.
- Seals and signets.
- A.D. 64.
- Two stumps, a podex-stick, and a hard ball.
- Rayon is an artificial product; others are natural.

## Before the Scenes

FRED BACCINO is the Hollywood man who specializes in building studio backlot jungles. He can supply a studio with a Brazilian or a Sumatran rubber tree. In very short order he'll build a swamp or a South Pacific jungle marsh.

Fred's latest assignment is the re-creation of a South Pacific scene for battle sequences in Columbia's "Mr. Winkle Goes to War," starring Edward G. Robinson. Beginning with a series of rough pencil sketches, then blue-prints, Baccino assembled palm trees, lagoons, beaches and jungle for the sequence in which bank clerk Wilbert George Winkle holds off an invading force of Japs.

"If it weren't for that camera apparatus," commented an Army liaison officer assigned to the picture as technical adviser, "I'd swear we were at Guadalcanal."

Junglemen Baccino has been making swamps and landscapes for several years. He has been in Hollywood only a little more than two years, but has a well-established reputation as an authority on World War II battle terrains, from the river banks near Stalingrad to the beach at Salerno.

Fred started out as a backdrop scene painter in New York City. He graduated into building seascapes for the Museum of Natural History in New York. He'll reconstruct the habitat of anything that swims—tropical guppies or Behring Straits seals. For the World's Fair in New York he built part of a city of the future and a primeval slough, replete with miniature Brontosaurus and other prehistoric what-nots. For the Dutch East Indies pavilion, Fred built a section of a Javanese plantation. He also built a scale model of a Venezuelan oil field and part of the Brazilian Matto Grosso.

Producer Jack Moss was impressed with Baccino's work on the South Sea jungle. "You've sure travelled around to know this stuff so well."

"No," Fred answered. "Born and raised in New York City and never left it until a couple of years ago. Got it all out of books."

## GIVE IT THE GUN, CENSOR

NO need to encourage the man. Wild horses couldn't stop him! He is obviously a man with the highest sense of duty, and he knows where that duty lies.

Like his latest?

Come, let's to bed, says Sleepy Head. Tarri a while, says Slow.

— on the pan, says Greedy Nan, Let's — before we go.

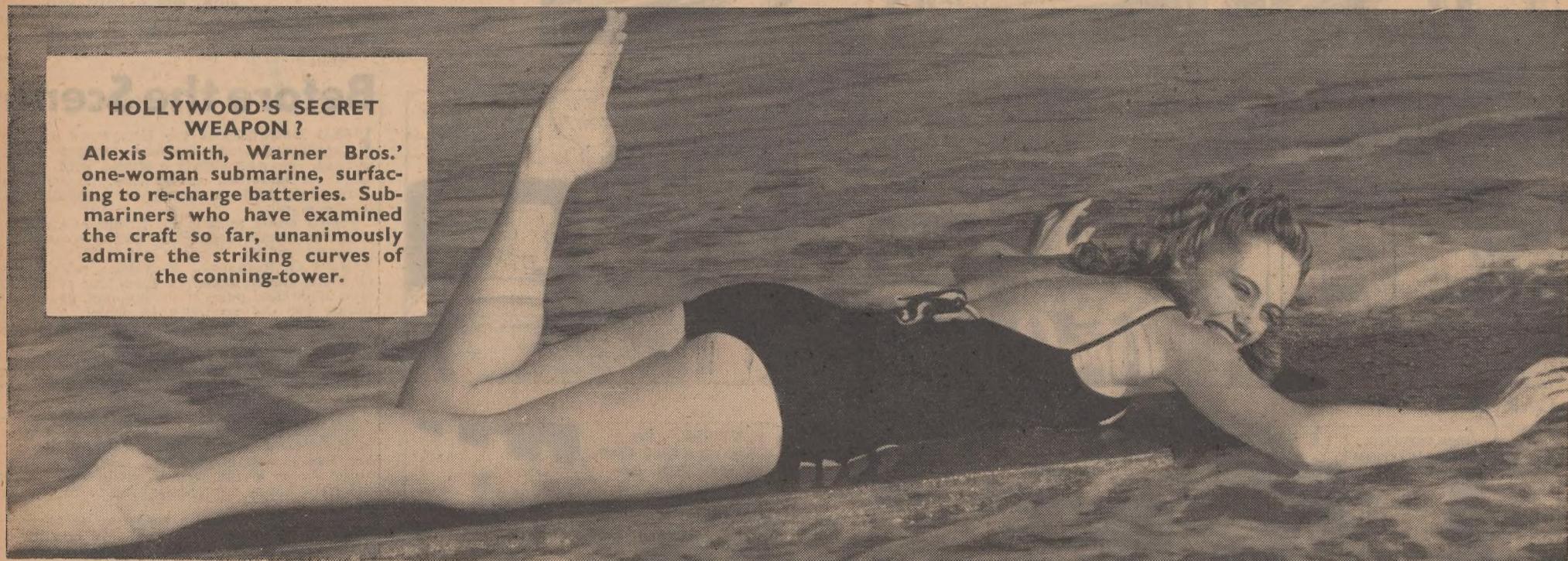
How well it speaks for the good training Nan must have received at (or over) her mother's knee!

# Good Morning

IT'S OURS, ALL OURS ! The mighty shadow of Skiddaw falls across this peaceful corner of Derwentwater, beneath the sheer cliffs of Lodore Crags. Another piece of England, preserved for all time by the National Trust.



"On the contrary, my dear Sir, here is one pelican whose digestive tract can deal adequately with everything his beak holds."



## HOLLYWOOD'S SECRET WEAPON ?

Alexis Smith, Warner Bros.' one-woman submarine, surfacing to re-charge batteries. Submariners who have examined the craft so far, unanimously admire the striking curves of the conning-tower.



"It's clear to me, young fellow - me lad, that somebody's Mother's not been using Persil."



"So we're going to remedy that little oversight right away. You won't know yourself, Cocker, when I get through."



## OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Wonder if she's been depth-charged!"

